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AKA

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MANSON IN THE HATE

by Blaine

I first heard of Charles Manson when I was in the U.S. Medical Center for Federal Prisoners in 1964.

In the federal prison system obvious or "swishy" homosexuals are, after a time, sent to the U.S. Medical Center for Federal Prisoners.

This name is a euphemism for the snake pit insane asylum which the joint is.

It was there, sometime in 1964, that an inmate arrived, transferred from the federal prison at McNeil Island, Washington. The prisoner was a "sweet boy"—the name given to boys that attach themselves to older men in the prison system.

His name was Richard, and he had been hanging around a convict from W. Virginia, named Charles Manson. For a time Manson toyed with Richard, but when he denied his affections, Richard tried to commit suicide; naturally he was sent to the snake pit.

The federal snake pit is the land of no return for many convicts; some of the most tragic cases end up there—to spend years in certain back ward cells, beaten in body, heart and soul. Sometimes one can see them walking around the prison's circular track, sometimes alone, and sometimes talking excitedly about their misfortune.

They come from the numerous federal training schools, camps, reformatories, correctional institutions and penitentiaries; in one sense the federal snake pit is a cosmopolitan prison.

I met Richard in the prison library. For some time he spoke eagerly about his lost lover, Charles. He said that he believed that, "Charles will be a great man someday." When I asked why, he replied, "Because he knows all about magic."

Manson got out of McNeil Island Prison March, 1967. At the time he arrived in Haight Ashbury, I was already there.

He hadn't met Susan Atkins yet, and was more or less exploring Haight Ashbury for what it had to offer.

I met him one evening in the I-Thou coffee house. I wouldn't really have been interested, except that he mentioned that he had just got out of a federal prison. We rapped, and I was surprised to discover that he was the guy who had more or less been Richard's friend.

"Boys aren't where it's at," he told me in front of about five others. "Out here it has to be girls. You can control girls easier than boys."

I was talking to a man called Sam Tela at the time about Dostoyevsky. I tried to get some response from Charles, but he merely shook his head, then said, "Hey, I know where all that's at. And it's this way—two scorpions together would only sting one another to death."

He got up and left, and I didn't see him again until 1968, again in Haight Ashbury.

In summer-fall 1968 I got involved in a DEATH CULT that had its home in the Haight. I came back to the area after about a year, and was staggered to see it dying, turning into a grim underworld of hate and violence.

I stayed around to look for Smith, a dropped out professor I met during the Summer of Love. My search led me into the Waller Street ashram, which was known as the DEVIL HOUSE.

The Devil House people said it was a religious order, and it went under many ancient names, one of them being the Companions of Life, another one being the Final Church of Judgment.

The Final Church is the name Manson chose for the church he would eventually found.

I found the keen-minded Smith at this house, but he had greatly changed. Before, Smith was an agnostic, a cynic and a very bookish man. Now he was repeatedly drunk, almost unable to feed himself. Smith had also been quite a woman chaser, now he was in the middle of a homosexual religious order, one that didn't allow women to enter the ashram beyond the front transients room.

This death cult was led by a strange fiery man of about forty-five. They called him Father P... the 66th. Father P claimed that, amongst many things, he had a M.D., a Ph.D., and also that he was a magician. There was talk around the ashram that Father P had been chased out of North Carolina for setting fire to the town church, expelled from pre-Castro Cuba and had recently returned from Damascus, Syria.

They accepted me into the ashram as a potential disciple. I was trusted and actually was moved by the madness that continually took place around me.

During my stay there, Father P and Smith (along with some of the others) made reference to Charlie, who was down at a "movie lot." I never asked much about Charlie, for he seemed less interesting than a person named Sadyi, who the brotherhood decided to bring to trial.

On the night of the medieval trial, Charlie Manson turned up. He came to the door with a girl, whom I later recognized as Susan Atkins. She wasn't permitted to enter beyond the crashers room, and there she stayed until Charles left the next morning.

The trial was called because it was claimed by Father P that Sadyi had "put all Haight Ashbury under a curse." They were to decide whether or not to put Sadyi to death, for "committing crimes against Haight Ashbury, against nature [Sadyi was once a member of the group, but he left and made his woman pregnant, a sin according to Father P], and for crimes against Pussycat.

Pussycat was Father P's boy. Apparently Sadyi had come back to the ashram one night, and not long after he entered the ashram, a demon jumped into Pussycat's body. He jumped about, breaking windows and in general causing alarm to everyone in the household. Father P would never forgive Sadyi for this.

Manson came that night, and Smith claimed Charlie was called to sit in on the trial, since he too (along with Smith) had been the understudy of Father P.

The fact that Manson had gone to girls instead of boys was explained away.

"Some people are dominated by the yin principle, others by the yang. As long as Charlie doesn't bring his groupies into the holy altar room, he is saved."

...ded to me when he entered the house, but ... to me. He told Smith that he drove up in a ..., as if to make Smith impressed with how he ...oing. He also talked about being his own master ...n.

Charlie sat most of the time by D.K., on a dirty mattress. Once in a while, D.K. would put his hand on Manson's leg, but the latter merely pushed it aside and laughed.

Father P was preparing for the holy services. He had put on his brown tunic, got out his religious relics. This was essential for purifications, before the trial would start. But before Father P got out a few words of Hebrew, Pussycat jumped up and released a scream.

"Fuck you Father P, alias Carl A... . Fuck you, you arsonist!"

Pussycat then jumped upon Smith, who was now the new understudy with Father P.

"My eyes! He's trying to scratch out my eyes!"

Everyone in the room leaped for Pussycat, who was actually a strong twenty year old boy. D.K. who was the biggest, grabbed Pussycat around his waist, wrestling him to the mattress, where he was bound hand and foot.

Father P suddenly started running around the room, crying out, "I'm God! I'm Satan! I'm Jesus!"

Pussycat was making noises on the floor, thru his gagged mouth. Father P procliamed him again possessed by Sadyi. He sent D.K. and Manson out to steal holy water from a nearby church. Smith and I were supposed to keep guard over the bound up, struggling boy.

As soon as they re-entered the house, Father P grabbed the holy water, sprinkled it on Pussycat's face. When he became quiet, Father P motioned for him to be unbound. But as soon as the gag was taken from his mouth, Pussycat screamed, "Father P is a rotten devil worshipper..."

This time Father P indicated that Manson should help tie him up, which he did. Then the holy father ran to his altar, taking from it a stolen crucifix. It was a large, wooden one. He brought it to Pussycat's face, and began beating him, striking the crucifix across his face, blow after blow.

I had up to then watched the events at the Waller Street house with a curious sense of detachment and disbelief. Seeing Father P beat the tied up Pussycat greatly upset me. Smith had sometime before told me that Father P was a "Master metaphysician and a master game player." But the blood on Pussycat's face made me realize that there were more than games being played at the DEVIL HOUSE.

I managed to leave the house, run to the microbus I lived in, and get out my small tape recorder. I hide it under my coat, placing the microphone up my sleeve. I re-entered the house just as Pussycat was screaming, and Father P. was promising certain death to Sadyi (who, by the way, along with his wife, were somewhat well publicized long hairs that lived in the Haight).

Manson was still in the house that night, and was referred to several times in the tape as "Charlie."

"Pussycat wants his hands untied. . ." Smith turned to Father P.

"No! No! No!" Pussycat screamed. "I just want to go to sleep, man."

"Don't untie him!" Father P ordered. "You are all witness of the fact. . ."

"You beat me with a cross! You beat me with your fists!" Pussycat yelled.

"Pussycat, don't struggle. . ." Smith pleaded.

"Father P! Satan Bearer!"

"No, Sadyi!" Father P yelled, claiming that Pussycat was no longer in the room, that Sadyi had actually entered his body. "No Sadyi! You will not be set free!"

"Father P! You are Satan's author!"

"No, Sadyi, you will not be set free!"

"Help police!"

"Don't set him free! No compassion! It's not for Pussycat! It's a demon." He kicked at the bound boy. "Don't set him free!"

"You're a devil!"

"I will not be compassionate on Sadyi the evil one, even if he's in my Pussycat's body."

"You're a devil, Father P, a true devil. If I've ever seen a devil in my life it's you."

Father P threatened to replace the gag.

"If you must die, Sadyi will die with you."

Everyone in the room was shouting or demanding that something be done, including Manson. He kept asking, "Who is Sadyi? Who is he?"

D.K. got a stake, and began to carve it.

"He must die!"

Some people came to the door, Pussycat lay moaning from his third beating. "Israel lives in this body. . ." Father P motioned Manson over, whispered something to him.

Then he said, "Sadyi go home. There are so many who love you in Haight Ashbury. So many diabolic persons. Why don't you take their bodies, instead of my Pussycat's."

Then he said it very quietly. "Sadyi, go away please."

Then he changed rapidly, his face went red, his moustache jumped up and down. "Sadyi, go away or I will take your body and destroy it with great pain. I will burn it piece by piece and I will chop it up in little pieces. . ." Father P turned to Manson. "A medieval justice must be committed upon Sadyi. . ."

For some reason D.K. got into it with Jude, a person who remained silent, reading a book called THE NAZARENE. Jude remarked that D.K. merely wanted to drive the stake through Sadyi's heart. "Because you hate his woman, because you hate all women."

This upset both Father P and Smith.

"Jude, how can you say that about D.K.?"

"What is this?" Father P seemed surprised that Jude, who so worshipped him, would say anything like this. "That cannot be true. D.K. likes Charlie, he likes Charlie, and you know how Charlie likes girls."

Jude was being out-yelled.

Father P later spoke with Charles Manson on what he was doing. I sat near Smith, but could hear their conversation well enough.

"What appears to be the truth about this room is not so." Manson stared into Father P's eyes, and the holy father continued. "The state of consciousness of two or more people in such a room is subject to change when one of them is a magician of consciousness.

realities and truths of physical properties," he on, "are subject to change when there is a question the consciousness involved. The fact that there is just a chair here alters when a nightmarish quality enters, and even the chair means something else, perhaps even sinister."

Charlie Manson left early that same morning, going back to the Spahn movie ranch.

Later, I found out that Father P had actually gone down there to see Charlie, although I can not say whether or not they met on the ranch itself or elsewhere.

But I do know that one time I took both Father P and Pussycat to the area of Topanga Canyon, where I let them out.

They refused to let me take them to their destination, or tell me about it. But it was, apparently, after the death of a member of the Final Church.

I met Sadyi after all this, walking in front of the "I Thou Coffee House." I warned him that some people (whom he knew) were out to kill him and his pregnant wife. Sadyi told me he knew about this, and they disappeared from the Haight Ashbury a little while after this.

Brooding about all this, I decided to take my tapes to the S.F. Examiner (a paper at the time I knew nothing about).

The Examiner sent out Sam Blumenfeld, who sat by me, listening to the tapes. After awhile he got up, left the room. There was a phone in the room, so I just picked it up. To my surprise, Blumenfeld was on it calling the police.

Of course I got out of there, and took with me and kept the piece of paper that Blumenfeld had written his name and telephone number on.

Not very knowledgeable at the time what to do with my writing, I took it over to the old Barb and explained it to them. "You've got the essence of Haight Ashbury," was Max's rap. He sent me back out to work on it.

I wasn't really able to get it done at the time, so I decided I would later turn the material into a novel.

It was only the discover that Charles Manson was on these tapes, in those notes, that made me again decide to let someone else see these things about the DEVIL HOUSE.

end

(3)

IN THE HAIGHT

MANSON

April 28, 1972

Memo to Ed Sanders

Ex: Larry Larsen

Re: Blaine Ellis

I called the U.S. Medical Center for Federal Prisoners in Scofield Missouri on April 28, 1972. Their phone number is 417-862-7042. I had them check to see if they had a prisoner in their facility at any time by the name of Blaine Ellis, and they indicated that they had never had a prisoner by that name.

What about the owner or editor of the Berkeley Tribe. Did you ever interview at the Tribe or the editor of the Tribe?

Rebel Tribe 1-30th
2-6 issue
1970

Blaine

1) heard of M. in 1964
he was U.S. Med Center swords scene
where a guy named Richard
was transferred from McNeil Island Fed Pen
or Wash (where manson was serving)
Richard had been gabbing w/ M:- M. allegedly
spurned him - then Richard allegedly suicide
+ was shipped to U.S. Med Center (Springfield? Mo)

2) Blaine met Richard in the prison library --
where Richard allegedly babbled a lot
about his "lost lover" Chas Manson -- refused to identify
as a convict from W. Virginia
Richard allegedly said ~~to~~ ~~Blaine~~ that Manson:
"Charles will be a great man
someday." Why? -- "It could be known
all about me."

3) Blaine met M. in I-Thou coffee House in 1967
one evening -- M. mentioned he'd just got out of
prison - they talked -- then Blaine allegedly
discovered that M. ~~was~~ Richards "lost lover". M. got
up + left "Boys aren't what it's at. One can't it has to
be girls. You can control girls easier than boys."
"Hey, I know where
all that's at.
and it's this way --
two scorpions together
would only sting
one another to death."

4) They ~~all~~ ~~boys~~ met
again a year later on
the Height -- summer-fall
1968

((man
named
Tom Tele
allegedly also
knew Jim
I-Thou))